

## The Tragedie of Hamlet

*Mar.* Is it not like the King?

*Hora.* As thou art to thy selfe:  
Such was the very Armor he had on,  
When he the ambitious *Norway* combated,  
So frownd he once when in an angry parle  
He smote the fleaded Pollax on the ice.  
Tis strange.

*Mar.* Thus twice before and iumpe at this dead houre,  
With Martiall Hauke hath he gone by our watch.

*Hora.* In what particular thought, to worke I know not,  
But in the grosse and scope of mine opinion,  
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

*Mar.* Good now sit downe, and tell me he that knowes.  
Why this same strict and most obseruant watch  
So nightly toiles the subiect of the Land,  
And with such daily cost of brazen Cannon  
And forraine Mart for Implements of warre,  
Why such impresse of ship-wrights, whose fore taske  
Does not diuide the Sunday from the weeke,  
What might be toward; that this sweatie haste  
Doth make the night ioint labour with the day,  
Who ist that can informe me?

*Hora.* That can I.  
At least the whisper goes so, our last King,  
Whose Image euen but now appear'd to vs,  
Was as you know by *Fortinbrasse* of *Norway*,  
Thereto prickt on by a most emulate pride,  
Dar'd to the combate; in which our valiant *Hamlet*,  
(For so this side of our knowne world esteem'd him)  
Did slay this *Fortinbrasse*, who by a scald compact  
Well ratified by Law and Heraldrie  
Did forfait (with his life) all these his lands,  
Which he stood seaz'd of, to the conquerour.  
Against the which a moiety competent  
Was gaged by our King, which had returne  
To the inheritance of *Fortinbrasse*,

Had

## Prince of Denmarke.

Had he bin vanquisher; as by the same comart,  
And carriage of the Articles designe,  
His fell to *Hamlet*; now Sir, yong *Fortinbrasse*  
Of vnimprooued mettle, hot and full,  
Hath in the skirts of *Norway* here and there  
Sharkt vp a list of lawlesse resolute  
For food and diet to some enterprize  
That hath a stomake in't, which no other  
As it doth well appeare vnto our state  
But to recouer of vs by strong hand  
And tearmes compulsory, those foresaid lands  
So by his father lost; and this I take it,  
Is the maine motiue of our preparations  
The source of this our watch, and the chiefe head  
Of this post-haste and romeage in the land.

*Bar.* I thinke it be no other but euen so;  
Well may it sort that this portentous figure  
Comes armed through our watch so like the King  
That was and is the question of these warres.

*Hora.* A mote it is to trouble the minds eie:  
In the most high and palmy state of *Rome*,  
A little ere the mightiest *Iulius* fell  
The graues stood tenantlesse, and the sheeted dead  
Did squeake and gibber in the *Roman* streets  
As starres with traines of fire, and dewes of bloud  
Disasters in the Sun; and the moist starre,  
Vpon whose influence *Neptunes* Empire stands,  
Was sick almost to Doomesday with eclipse  
And euen the like precurse of fierce euents,  
As Harbingers preceding still the fates  
And Prologue to the *Omen* comming on  
Haue Heauen and Earth together demonstrated  
Vnto our Climatures and Countrimen.

*Enter Ghost.*

But soft, behold, lo where it comes againe

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